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# THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. I.]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS.

[NO. 34.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND.

[SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1831.

THE LIBERATOR  
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
AT NO. 10, MERCHANTS' HALL.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

TERMS.

Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.  
No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months.

Agents allowed every sixth copy.

All letters and communications, excepting from Agents, must be POST PAID.

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THE LIBERATOR.

When we plead for slavery, we plead for the disgrace and ruin of our own nature. If we are capable of it, we may hereafter claim kindred with the brutes, and renounce our own superior dignity.—RICE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR GARRISON :

Sir—The interest you have so uniformly evinced, by continual exertions, in the cause of bleeding Africa—together with your unshaken firmness and patriotic boldness in asserting her rights and claims to universal emancipation—has gained the admiration and awakened the sensibilities of a number of colored gentlemen in this metropolis, to inquire what act of theirs would best express the gratitude of their hearts for such disinterested benevolence from him their modern Samaritan. Their considerations on this head have led them to the conclusion, that nothing would better prove the feelings of their hearts than an assurance of their entire confidence in the sincerity of your intentions, and some testimony of their desire to strive with you in the elevation of their characters and the betterment of their condition as a people.

The best mode, then, to gain these two points, as we conceive, will be to give liberal support to the Liberator, through which medium great light and knowledge will be diffused among them and their brethren; without the means of which, they are aware that they can never be considered as an enlightened people. The Liberator, then, seems to be the channel of truth and political information; and they wish to signify their determination to support it, not by words alone but in deeds. (1)

We are aware of the powerful foes you have had to meet, and the many difficulties you must yet encounter in carrying your designs into successful operation; but being confident of your abilities, we are sure that you will be enabled, through God, to triumph. The little while you have been laboring with us has opened our eyes to many things to which we were before in total darkness. You have also succeeded greatly in convincing, and rallying around your standard of human rights, many who were powerfully opposed to your measures. This serves to strengthen our faith with yours in the belief, that

(1) Accompanying this letter was a generous and reasonable donation, contributed towards the support of the Liberator.—Ed.

the cause in which you are engaged is daily gaining ground, whilst that of your opponents is faltering hourly. Your faith is not groundless, then, that Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God, and be saved; for it must needs be as the Scriptures have said. Through this faith the Elders obtained a good report: so will you, in all time to come, of every heart that shall throb with joy at the triumph of true patriotism and liberty.

When Howard, Clarkson and Wilberforce entered into the work of philanthropy, many were their opponents, but this did not dishearten nor move them from their purpose. We have heard of the result of their labors, and are proud of associating your name with theirs, inasmuch as you imbibe their principles and are deserving the like praise. (1)

The descendants of Africa have had their eyes fixed upon you ever since you first engaged in their cause—following you to your unjust sufferings in a southern dungeon, down to the present day. They are now convinced of the sincerity of your intentions, and are proud to claim you as their advocate. They are firm in the belief that God is with you, from the zeal and persevering spirit you possess; and if God be for you, who shall be against you? The prophecy of Sanballat, Tobiah and the Arabians, concerning your undertaking, will prove as false as the story of their predecessor in the Garden of Eden;—for the whole world is on fire for liberty, and there is a spirit of inquiry abroad; and they might as well attempt to tear the sun from its socket, as to attempt to prevent its progress. Demetrius and his followers may cry up the greatness of Diana, but we shall the louder speak in the cause of liberty and that of our God.

Go on, then, friend and patriot of our cause; and whatsoever aid we can render you, shall be promptly tendered; and may you long live to see the glorious accomplishment of your noble undertaking, and receive the blessings of the grateful hearts for whom you have ventured life and fortune. The stormy gusts of malice may assail you, accompanied by the heavy rains of calumny; but all shall finally pass away before you, as doth the shadow of the night before the risen rays of the eastern luminary.

In closing these remarks, permit us, as a committee, to add our hopes of your present happiness and final reception into those regions of bliss, within whose gates persecution nor oppression can ever enter. There may the Sun of Righteousness beam forth upon you those effulgent rays, with which he shall crown the righteous with an everlasting crown of glory and peace.

J. TELEMACUS HILTON,  
ROBERT WOOD,  
J. H. HOW,  
Committee.  
Boston, August 7, 1831.

(1) I am unworthy to loose the latchet of the shoes of these philanthropists. All I claim is, sincerity of purpose and independence of character, but not the smallest degree of praise. What I have done, is trifling indeed; much more I hope to perform. Should I retain my health and faculties to the 'days of man's life—three score years and ten'—there remain to me upwards of forty-three years, in which to give battle to oppression.—Ed.

## PUBLIC MEETING.

At a meeting of the young men of color of the city of New-York, at the Boyer Lodge Room, on Tuesday evening, July 17th, convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the late movements and operations of the Colonization Society, Mr William P. Johnson was called to the chair, and Mr William L. Jeffers appointed Secretary.

Mr G. Jones then delivered a lecture on the purposes and effects of the American Colonization Society; bringing to light some new and important facts in relation to that body. After which, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to Mr William L. Garrison, for his unremitting exertions and untiring efforts in promoting the cause of the colored people.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed for the purpose of drafting a letter to Mr Garrison, and

that the said committee consist of Messrs J. Scott, G. Jones, and W. L. Jeffers.

Resolved, That we use all exertions in procuring subscribers for the 'Liberator' and 'Genius of Universal Emancipation.'

Resolved, That a committee of nine be appointed for that purpose, and that that committee consist of the following gentlemen: Messrs Scott, Jones, Jeffers, Mortimer, Peterson, Smith, Johnson, Ruggles, and Van Rensselaer.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the 'Liberator.'

Resolved, That we adjourn.

W. P. JOHNSON, Chairman.

W. L. JEFFERS, Secretary.

To WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON :

SIR—The subscribers in addressing you, (in accordance with a resolution passed to that effect at a public meeting in New-York,) are not only aware of their incompetency to bestow that praise which is due to your merits, but also of the utter uselessness of flattery. They will, as far as possible, endeavor to avoid it. To say that your conduct, in relation to the people of color, is not justly entitled to admiration, and that the bold and fearless stand you have taken in defence of that oppressed race, ought not to call forth the blessings of this and every generation, would be to say that, which none of us can sanction as truth. Yes, sir, we look forward to the time when future generations shall call you blessed; when your exertions in our behalf shall be duly appreciated; and when there will be no partisans of the Colonization Society to call you madman, or to express the pious wish that your paper may not secure you your bread! We are aware that whoever opposes the prevailing vices of the age—whoever is possessed of humanity, and wishes to deprive an interested party of the weapons of oppression—that person is liable to slander. In behalf of the meeting whom we represent, we would respectfully tender our most sincere thanks for the very important services you have rendered us. And when we recall to our minds the prejudices you have had to contend with, and the other numerous obstacles you have overcome, we feel ourselves wrapt in inexpressible gratitude, and feel a glow of satisfaction too great for utterance. May the same success attend your exertions, which crowned those of the patriots of the revolution; and may you, like them, live to receive the plaudits of the rising generation.

In behalf of the meeting,  
JAMES SCOTT,  
GARDNER JONES, } Committee.  
WM. L. JEFFERS, }  
New-York, July 27, 1831.

## MEN MUST BE FREE.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—It is with much pleasure that I now make the following remarks, which you are at liberty to publish, if you deem them worthy of an insertion in your excellent paper. It has been some time since I addressed you on any subject whatever; but in perusing the 29th number of your paper, a paragraph attracted my attention, concerning the conduct of the slaves and other colored persons at the late fire in Fayetteville, N. C., which fire, I am under the impression, was a visitation from God, for their cruelty to our brethren which is inflicted upon them with the utmost rigor imaginable.

I was informed by a person from that place, (who was an eye-witness to what I am about to relate,) that in the very town where the fire was, he saw a free man of color, as he was termed, stripped and tied to a whipping post, before a great concourse of brutes in human shape, (with a few exceptions,) and there lacerated by an inhuman overseer till he was covered with blood; to such a degree, indeed, that it would have caused any person, who had not a heart of stone, to weep bitterly at the treatment he received. His crime was merely for passing a joke with one of his white neighbors, in this boasted land of liberty, which is termed by some, an asylum for the inhabitants of all foreign nations; but which, I am sorry to say, is the worst place for colored persons in the known world.

When we take a retrospective view of things, and hear of almost every nation fighting for its liberty, is it to be expected that the African race will continue always in the degraded state they now are? No.

The time is fast approaching when the words 'Fight for liberty, or die in the attempt,' will be sounded in every African ear throughout the world; and when he will throw off his fetters, and flock to the banner which will be then floating in the air with the following words inscribed upon it—' Liberty or Death'; and when they will die to a man sooner than be slaves any longer to persons (I am sorry to say) not so good as themselves, merely because their skin is something of a darker hue than their own. O Liberty! sound delightful to every African ear! And when the sound has once struck them, may they seize upon it as a drowning man would to anything that comes within sight of that land; and if they should by chance touch the shore, they do not exist but a short time, with very few exceptions. They tell us they want to better our condition. What absurdity! If so, let them do it in America, and not in Africa. But no; their object is to rid this country of us, as they think we are getting too numerous, and that some time or other a collision may take place; but I assure them that if they will treat us as we consider we ought to be treated, they need never fear the least trouble from us. All we want is our rights, and these we will have. I may never live to see that joyful time; but I am fully persuaded that the time will come, when every colored man must and will have his liberty.

In coming to a close, I am aware that if we look forward to the great 'I Am' for help, we shall never be in danger of falling like those who walk upon a line. If we keep our eyes fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely, and nothing shall molest or make us afraid.

A COLORED PHILADELPHIAN.  
Philadelphia, July 28, 1831.

For the Liberator.

## A SHORT SERMON.

MR EDITOR—Should you think proper to give the following a place in your valuable paper, it is at your service.

I have a few thoughts on Acts x. chapter, 34th and 35th verses. 'Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him.'

In the passage before us, we have a very plain view of the goodness of God. First, we plainly see that he does not esteem a Jew because he is a Jew, nor does he detest a Gentile because he is a Gentile. It was long a deeply rooted opinion among the Jews, that God never would extend his favor to the Gentiles, and that the descendants of Jacob only should enjoy his peculiar favor and benediction. Of this opinion was St Peter, previously to the heavenly vision mentioned in this chapter. He was now convinced that God was no respecter of persons, and that all must stand before his judgment seat, to be judged according to the deeds done in the body; so no one nation, or people, or individual, could expect to find a more favorable decision than another, who was precisely in the same moral state; for the phrase, respect of persons, is used in reference to unjust decisions in a court of justice, where through favor, or interest, or bribery, a culprit is acquitted, and a righteous or innocent person condemned. See Lev. xix. 15. Deut. i. 16, 17, and xvi. 19. There are no decisions, contrary to equity, with God; so he could not shut out the pious and benevolent almsgiving of Cornelius, because the very spring whence it proceeded was His own grace and mercy. Therefore he could not receive a Jew into

his favor, (in preference to such a person,) who had either abused his grace, or made a less godly use of his privileges than this Gentile had done.

In every nation, he that feareth Him, &c.; according to his light and privileges, fears God and abstains from all evil. It is not, therefore, nations or kindred, or the profession only, that the just God requireth, but he who in heart and life fulfills the requirements of a just Judge. The very design of the vision is to spread equality; for Peter saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth—an emblem of the universe and its various nations, to the four corners of which the gospel was to extend, and offer its blessings to all the inhabitants, without distinction of nations.

3d. Then, seeing it is not the nation, nor a profession only, but the character, how ought we to live, who are considered Gentiles, or strangers and foreigners without any abiding place or continuing city? Let us ask, how Cornelius lived? Did he fear God with all his house, and pray to God alway? He then was a man of prayer. What a wonderful effect did this man's prayers have! The Lord heard. This was not all: he revealed his plan of deliverance for the Gentile to the Jew, by a vision. What encouragement to continue in prayer! And may the praying number be increased, till the unbelieving are fully taught not to call what God hath cleansed, common or unclean. I trust the day is not far distant, when we shall see righteousness go forth prepared as the morning, and as a lamp that burneth.

Middletown, August 1, 1831.

#### A VOICE FROM COLUMBIA, PA.!

Columbia, Pa., August 5, 1831.

At a respectable meeting of Afric-Americans convened pursuant to public notice, at their school-house, with a view of taking into consideration the novel scheme of the American Colonization Society, Mr Stephen Smith was called to the chair, and Mr James Richards appointed Secretary. A prayer was then offered up at the throne of grace, by Mr Smith. The chairman called the house to order, and explained the object of the meeting in a few preliminary remarks; after which, the meeting proceeded to business, and adopted the subsequent resolutions.

*Resolved*, That we view the country in which we live as our only true and appropriate home; and let colonizationists pour contempt upon our race, and slaveholders look on our brethren as a nuisance to the country, yet here will we live, here were we born, this is the country for which some of our ancestors fought and bled and conquered, nor shall a conspiring world be able to drive us hence.

*Resolved*, That it is our firm belief, that the Colonization Society is replete with infinite mischief, and that we view all the arguments of its advocates as mere sophistry, not worthy our notice as freemen. Being citizens of these United States, we would call upon our brethren to awake from their slumber of ignorance, break the chain of prejudice that has so long bound them, and in the strength of the omnipotent Spirit, give their hearts to God.

*Resolved*, That we will resist all attempts to send us to the burning shores of Africa. Beware of Alexander, the coppersmith, for he has done us much harm. May the Lord reward him! We verily believe that if by an extraordinary perversion of nature, every man and woman, in one night, should become white, the Colonization Society would fall like lightning to the earth.

*Resolved*, That we will not be duped out of our rights as freemen, by colonizationists, nor by any other combination of men. All the encomiums pronounced upon Liberia can never form the least temptation to induce us to leave our native soil, to emigrate to a strange land.

*Resolved*, That we readily coalesce with our brethren in the different towns and cities, and take the liberty to say, that we as a little flock feel a fixed resolution to maintain our ground, till the great Author of our being shall say to those who deprive us of our rights,—Thus saith the Lord, because ye have not hearkened to me in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor, behold I will proclaim liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine.

*Resolved*, That it is the decided opinion of this meeting, that African Colonization is a scheme of southern policy, a wicked device of slaveholders who are desirous of riveting more firmly, and perpetuating more certainly, the fetters of slavery; who are only anxious to rid themselves of a population whose presence, influence and example, have a tendency (as they suppose) to produce discontent among the slaves, and to furnish them with incitements to rebellion.

*Resolved*, That this meeting will not encourage a scheme, which has for its basis prejudice and hatred; though there may be some good wheat, yet it is to be feared the enemy has sown tares among it.

*Resolved*, That we will support the colony at Canada, the climate being healthier, better adapted to our constitutions, and far more consonant with our views than that of Africa.

*Resolved*, That we unanimously agree to patronize the Liberator, and use our best endeavors to get subscribers for the same; and that we are under renewed obligation to God, that he ever raised up such honest hearted men as Messrs Garrison and Knapp.

*Resolved*, That this meeting cause its proceedings to be sent to the Liberator for publication, as soon as practicable; praying that the Lord will succeed all the lawful efforts of its conductor to meliorate the condition of our brethren in these United States, trusting his weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God to pull down the strong holds of the devil.

Signed by the Chairman and Secretary,  
STEPHEN SMITH, Chairman.  
JAMES RICHARDS, Secretary.

#### A VOICE FROM NANTUCKET!

Nantucket, August 5th, 1831.

At a respectable meeting of the colored inhabitants of the town of Nantucket, convened for the purpose of taking into consideration our views in relation to the American Colonization Society, Mr. Arthur Cooper was called to the chair, and Edward J. Pompey appointed Secretary.

Addresses were delivered by Messrs. William Harris and Edward J. Pompey, in which they took a general view of the Colonization Society, of its leading members, and of some of the speeches and remarks made by gentlemen at the meetings of said Society. The following resolves were then adopted:

*Resolved*, That the call of this meeting be approved of, and that the colored citizens of this town have with friendly feelings taken into consideration the objects of the Colonization Society, together with its movements preparatory for our removal to the coast of Africa; and we view them as wholly gratuitous, not called for by us, and in no way essential to the welfare of our race; and we believe that our condition can be best improved in this our own country and native soil, the United States of America.

*Resolved*, That we hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are born free and equal; and we are men, and therefore ought to share as much protection and enjoy as many privileges under our Federal Government as any other class of the community.

*Resolved*, That we will be zealous in doing all that lies in our power to improve the condition of ourselves and brethren in this our native land.

*Resolved*, That there is no philanthropy towards the people of color in the colonization plan, but that it is got up to delude us away from our country and home into a country of sickness and death.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be returned to every friend who vindicates our rights and interests.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and sent to Boston, to be published in the Liberator.

ARTHUR COOPER, Chairman.

EDWARD J. POMPEY, Secretary.

#### SLAVERY RECORD.

##### A SLAVE HUNG FOR AN ACCIDENT!

The slave who fired a cotton factory in Edgefield, S. C. a few weeks ago, was to have been hung yesterday, (19th inst.) pursuant to his sentence. An Augusta paper says—“It seems it was not his intention to commit so extensive an injury to the proprietors. *He thought he had extinguished all the fire which he accidentally dropped.*” This is the kind of justice for which the south is so distinguished. An accident committed by a slave generally punished with greater severity than a crime perpetrated by a white man. This poor innocent victim was executed undoubtedly to make the slaves more careful!

#### NO MARKS!

A slaveholder, named Hoskinson, advertises a runaway slave, in the last Hagers-town Torch-Light. He describes him as ‘about 32 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, well made, of a bright complexion, his hair is very black and straight, having no marks about him whatever, that can be recollected.’ This is, indeed, something creditable to the system of slavery. No marks whatever! Doubtless, if he be caught, the runaway will not again escape the branding iron so easily. There are few slaves whose backs, fingers or toes do not carry conclusive marks of their identity, and whose successful elopement, therefore, is rendered very difficult.

*The Slave Trade.*—It would be easy to prove, says Humboldt, ‘that the whole Archipelago of the West Indies, which now comprises scarcely 2,400,000 negroes and mulattoes, (free and slaves) received from 1670 to 1825, nearly FIVE MILLIONS of Africans! In these revolting calculations on the consumption of the human species, we have not included the number of unfortunate slaves who have perished in the passage, or been thrown into the sea as damaged merchandise.’

*Kidnapping!*—Three fine mulatto children, free, have lately been kidnapped in Tennessee, and carried, as is supposed, to Missouri, to be sold as slaves. Our free colored population can have no security while slavery exists in the land.

#### JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

For the Liberator.

##### THE FAMILY CIRCLE. NO. 10.

###### ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

‘Do you know, Helen,’ said George, ‘that there is to be an eclipse of the moon soon, on the 23d day of this month?’

‘Oh, how glad I am,’ said Helen. ‘Will it look like the eclipse of the sun that we saw last winter?’

‘Something like it,’ said George; ‘but there will not so much of the moon be eclipsed as there was of the sun. Only about one half the moon will be eclipsed, and it will set while it is eclipsed, so that we shall not see it grow bright again.’

‘I wish it was to be a total eclipse,’ said Lucy.

‘I wonder, Helen,’ said George, ‘if you remember what I told you about the way in which the moon is eclipsed?’

‘I believe I remember it a little,’ said Helen.

‘You said the moon is not bright of itself, but that it is the sun's shining on it which makes it bright, and makes it shine. As the moon is always moving round the earth, it sometimes gets so that the earth is directly between it and the sun. Then you know the sun cannot shine on it, and so it grows dark, and that is being eclipsed.’

‘You have explained it very well,’ said George.

‘I have just thought of something,’ said Lucy. ‘It seems to me that when our earth is between the sun and the moon, it must make an eclipse of the sun to the moon. The earth must hide the sun from the people of the moon, just as the moon hides it from us when we have an eclipse of the sun.’

‘That is all true,’ said George, ‘and I am glad you thought of it yourself.’

‘Are there people in the moon?’ inquired Helen.

‘It is thought very probable that there may be inhabitants of some kind or other there,’ answered George, ‘though we have no way of finding out anything about them.’

‘I wonder if they are just like people here,’ said Lucy, ‘or different.’

‘I hope,’ said George, ‘they are not like people here in one thing. I hope that one part do not make slaves of another part, because they are of a different color.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Lucy, ‘it may be the black people who have the whites for slaves there.’

‘Oh,’ said Helen, ‘I hope they do not have slaves at all, because you know it would be just as bad to have white people slaves as black people.’

‘And I wonder,’ said Lucy, ‘if they have elephants, and lions, and orang-outangs, and all sorts of animals in the moon, such as we have here. Perhaps they have animals there which are all different from ours. Oh, how I should like to get to the moon, and see all about it!’

‘We cannot possibly find out about these things,’ said George, ‘so let us talk about the eclipse which we can know a little about.’

‘When I see the moon eclipsed,’ said Lucy, ‘I shall be thinking that most likely there are people there looking at the eclipse of the sun.’

‘Cannot you show us about it with the balls?’ said Helen.

‘Lucy,’ said George, ‘do you move great ball earth very slowly round the lamp which shall be our sun, while I move little ball moon round the great one. Now, moon is between earth and sun, and makes a shadow on a part of earth; that is, hinders the light from shining on it, so there is an eclipse of the sun to that part of earth.’

‘Then the shadow of a thing,’ said Helen, ‘is only the darkness that is made by its keeping off the light from shining upon some place?’

‘Yes,’ said George. ‘Now moon moves on in her orbit, till she comes round to the outside. Now earth is between moon and sun, and makes a shadow upon moon, so that there is now just such an eclipse of the sun to moon as there was before to earth; and it is an eclipse of the moon to earth, for moon no longer shines upon earth as it would were the sun shining on it.’

‘Ah, but the balls do not show that part very well,’ said Lucy, ‘for you cannot make the little ball shine with the light it gets from the lamp, though to be sure it looks brighter when the light is on it than in the great ball's shadow.’

‘But you have seen things shine when the sun shone on them, have you not?’ said George.

‘Yes,’ said Lucy, ‘I remember once seeing something like sunshine on the top of the wall above the window, and I found it came from a puddle of water in the street which the sun shone on.’

‘I have often seen it so,’ said George, ‘and any thing coming between the sun and the water would stop the shining on the wall directly.’

‘As the earth's shadow on the moon stops the moon's shining,’ said Lucy.

‘Exactly,’ said George. ‘Now tell me, Helen, in what part of her orbit round the earth the moon is when it is eclipsed?’

‘At the part that is farthest off from the sun,’ said Helen; ‘I saw by the balls.’

‘And in what part of its orbit is it at an eclipse of the sun?’ said George.

‘At the part that is nearest to the sun,’ answered

Helen, ‘or else it would not come between the earth and sun.’

‘Right,’ said George, ‘and how often will the moon be eclipsed?’

‘Once every time it goes round, I should think,’ said Helen.

‘But there is not an eclipse of the moon so often, is there?’ said Lucy, ‘for it goes round in about twenty-nine days.’

‘No, there is not,’ said George, ‘but can you tell why there is not?’

‘For the very same reason, I suppose,’ said Lucy, ‘that there is not an eclipse of the sun so often, which I remember you explained to us. Because when the moon is in that part of its orbit furthest from the sun, as it must be to be eclipsed, it is not always exactly in a line with the sun and earth. Then the earth cannot be exactly between it and the sun, so the sun will still shine on it, and there will be no eclipse.’

‘You are right,’ said George.

‘Now George,’ said Lucy, ‘will you tell me why eclipses of the moon are always when it is full moon, and eclipses of the sun at new moon?’

‘You ought first to understand,’ said George, ‘how the changes of the moon are produced, and why it is sometimes new and sometimes full. What is the reason that the moon does not always look the same to us?’

‘Indeed I do not know,’ said Lucy, ‘I wish I did, for it seems very strange.’

‘I dare say I can make you understand about it some time or other,’ said George, ‘provided you give your whole attention, and think about it; but not now, for I am afraid you will be tired, and will not remember so much.’

‘Ah, I have had to think a good deal to-night,’ said Lucy, ‘or else I should never have been able to understand what you have been telling us; and I shall think it all over again, so that I may not forget it.’

‘We shall think and talk enough upon the subject on the morning of the eclipse, I dare say,’ said George, ‘for I intend to get up and see it: do not you, Lucy?’

‘Oh, yes, indeed,’ said Lucy, ‘I would not miss seeing it upon any account.’

‘And I shall want to get up too,’ said Helen.

‘It begins just a minute before four o'clock on Tuesday morning,’ said George, ‘and we must either go out and take a walk to see it, or go into some room which has a window looking towards the west; and what a pretty sight it will be to see the moon setting in the west, while the sun is rising in the east!’

U. L. E.

#### LINES,

Composed by a female for the Liberator.

Wake up, wake up, and be alive,  
And let the subject of the day revive!  
How can you sleep, how can you be at rest,  
And never hear or pity the oppressed?

Slaveholders, hark! and hear the cry;  
Repent, repent, for you must die!  
O, be admonished—turn and live,  
And to your slaves their freedom give.

Renounce the work, and give up all,  
And on the Lord for mercy call;  
That he in love your souls may save,  
Before you're summoned to the grave.

Partakers all, where'er you be,  
I urge you from this traffic flee;  
Wash clean your hands from stain and spot—  
Have no part in the wicked plot.

Be not partakers with the thief,  
But lend a hand to give relief  
To the oppressed, who work and toil  
From morn till night to till the soil.

How can you eat, how can you drink,  
How wear your finery, and ne'er think  
Of those poor souls, in bondage held,  
Whose painful labor is compelled?

Gird up your loins; be firm, be strong;  
Support the right, condemn the wrong;  
So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
And save you by redeeming love.

Extract of a letter, dated

BARBADOES, July 17.

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1831.

*Poems. By Alonzo Lewis. Boston, J. H. Eastburn, 1831, 12 mo. pp. 208.*

It is a perilous thing for a man to assume the title and office of the poet. There is the peril of defeat, which few successfully encounter: the peril of criticism, in which the victim is often slain at a blow: the peril of detraction, from which no one may hope to escape with impunity: the peril of neglect, which seldom permits the resurrection of hidden genius until the interment of its possessor. He is most courageous, or most mad, therefore, who, aware of these perils, ventures to pass through their fiery ordeal at the risk of being burnt to ashes. From his ashes, indeed, he may subsequently rise, like the phoenix; but then, the uncertainty of a successful martyrdom—the chance of being scattered to the four winds of heaven—the possible and probable extinction of every spark of vitality—these should make him pause.

Mr Lewis, the author of the poems under review, may expect to escape without the smell of fire upon his garments. He has already acquired an excellent reputation for his History of Lynn. We expressed the opinion, in our last number, that the present volume would tend to its enlargement: our belief is strengthened by a further examination. We do not pretend to say, that the work will make the author's

'One of the few immortal names,

That are not born to die.'

but we believe it will survive to a respectable age, and its influence be felt in other generations. 'The purest subjects of poetry,' says Mr L. in his preface, 'are devotion, the social affections, particularly friendship and love, and descriptions of natural scenery.' He has consequently made these subjects his own. The first poem in the volume is descriptive of the 'Pleasures of Benevolence.' It is replete with chastened reflection and lofty sentiment, exhibiting great care in the composition.

Here is something for the contemplation of the opulent. Would to Heaven it might be instrumental in scattering their treasures among the perishing and oppressed in our land!

'What varied bounty is it yours to give,  
Ye sons of Fortune who with Plenty live!  
Let not the gifts which Heaven vouchsafes to pour  
On your blest lot, sleep in ungrateful store.  
Yours is the power to carry in your train  
Ease and contentment to the house of pain;  
Yours be the joy to see new vigor flow  
In veins that long have known the power of woe;  
Yours be the bliss to hear the orphan pray,  
"Heaven bless the hand that wipes my tears away."

Ask ye the recompense of so much care?  
Search your own hearts, and find the answer there!  
What nobler cenotaph can mortals rear  
Than that which glitters with the orphan's tear?  
What higher honors can this world dispense,  
Than thy sublime reward, Benevolence!'

The following panegyric upon Woman is no less elegant than just:

'In every varied scene of earthly woe,  
To bring relief, oh, when was Woman slow!  
Trace each remotest clime, and you will find  
The female heart forever warm and kind!  
From palace halls, to poverty's lone shed,  
Has human sorrow heard her welcome tread.  
The proudest prince and the most abject slave,  
Her step has flown to succor and to save.  
From the most humble grave in village gloom,  
To the repose of Calvary's honored tomb,  
Where'er distress has twined its ample fold,  
Her priceless tear of sympathy has rolled.'

Mr Lewis has long been an advocate for the poor slaves who are pining in bondage, and has written much in their behalf. Personifying Benevolence, he says:

'To every form of woe her power is shown,  
And Afric's sons have oft her kindness known;  
They, the oppressed, in Freedom's happy land!  
The wretched forms who bow at Wealth's command!  
Who toil and bleed for those whose fathers bled,  
To free their country from Oppression's tread!

And there are men, in this enlightened time,  
Who deem that Slavery is not a crime!  
Who think that man, the image of his God!  
Was made to tremble at a tyrant's nod.  
And is it so?—then perish noble hearts!  
Who feel the glow Benevolence imparts!  
Come forth, Algiers, and shake thy gallant brow,  
Thy plume is spotless as the mountain's snow!  
Ye pirate hordes round Barataria's shore,  
Your cause is just, and ye shall bleed no more!  
There is no truth, nor wrong, on earth's dark sod,  
But Power is Right—Expedience is God!'

Oh thou Almighty One! whose goodness made  
Of kindred blood all nations, though arrayed  
In various hues, drive such opinions hence,  
And teach mankind thine own benevolence!'

Further on, in describing the harmony of the seasons, he makes the following sad contrast:

'Man only changes. Man, the foe of man,  
Mars the bright work eternal Love began.  
Malignant passions in his bosom burn,  
And heaven's pure dews to noxious vapors turn,  
As desert fountains send their waters clear,  
To the bright flowers that on their banks appear,  
But through foul regions as they onward glide,  
Collect dark stains, and roll a turbid tide;  
So gush pure thoughts in youth's ecstatic glow,  
Which sink in age to scenes of crime and woe.'

'Shady Grove' is the next poem, twenty-three pages in length, developing a fine taste for natural scenery. It is, we are informed in a note, 'the name of a place beautiful as the valley of Agra, beneath whose trees glides a rivulet delightful as Yarrow; a scene which need only to have echoed the harp of Hafiz or of Burns, to have become associated with the dearest ideas of poetry and love.' We have marked several passages in this poem for insertion, but can give, to-day, only the following, it being calculated to interest lovers and bachelors, who are not often thus brought into juxtaposition. Although the piece makes against ourselves, we confess Mr Lewis is right in deciding favorably to the taste of the lovers.

'It is indeed a pleasant hour,  
When earth is still beneath the power  
Of starry influence on high,  
And sleeps beneath the tranquil sky!  
Then he whose happy heart has won  
The confidence of Beauty's smile,  
May tell his thoughts to some dear one,  
And many a weary hour beguile!

While he whose solitary day  
Disowns the light of Beauty's sway,  
Must all his sympathies express  
To birds, and trees, and loneliness!  
Oh, I would rather earn my bread,  
By toiling in some wretched shed,  
Or take the pitance and the scourge,  
When hard and thankless taskers urge,  
Than own the cold, unsocial heart,

Which cannot feel the joy,  
The scenes of love and home impart,  
When social cares employ!

The man who tills the stubborn field,  
For the slight boon its harvests yield,  
May take at eve the welcome kiss,  
And smile at pain that heightens bliss!  
And e'en the slave who toils all day,  
In the strong sunbeam's burning ray,  
Finds pleasure in his nightly shed,  
And balm for wounds that freely bled!  
But he who must the doom partake,

To be from sweet affection hurled;

Who wakes to sleep, and sleeps to wake,

Alone, within a homeless world;

Can never know the joys that spring,

When Home and Love their treasures bring!'

To 'Shady Grove' succeeds 'Nahant,' a poem of sixty-two stanzas. It is full of rainbow tints and the rich transitions of nature. We extract two verses as a specimen of its high philosophical character:

'It is a bliss unspeakable and grand  
To dwell in such a world! and were there nought  
But this fair earth, formed by such skilful hand,  
And azure sky, with sparkling gems inwrought,  
To bless the longing sight, with spirits free  
To meditate and gaze—it were a bliss to be!

But when above, beyond those trembling fires  
That light the lofty palace of the sky,  
There lies a land surpassing man's desires,  
Where every tear is wiped from every eye,  
What feeling heart, with Heaven's warm ray endued,  
Would hush the sacred strain that breathes of gratitude?

There is a fine thought in the following passage, where the poet alludes to the

'—dimness of the silent night,  
When souls are more awake than in the flaming light.'

Next comes 'The Schoolmaster'—and surely no one is better qualified

'To sing the Teacher's care, his daily pains,  
The hope that lifts him, and the task that chains,'  
than the Teacher himself, in the person of Mr Lewis. This poem occupies nineteen pages. The treatment which is too often experienced by those who aim to 'teach the young ideas how to shoot,' is feelingly described in the following extract:

'Oh ye! whose feeling souls indignant burn,  
Your honest claims when evil natures spurn;  
Whose injured spirits must for years sustain  
Toil's weary load, and Poverty's dark chain;  
Condemned alone to wake each anxious morn,  
To meet Neglect, and to encounter Scorn;

'To wear your strength, your very life away,  
Thought by night, in earnest care by day;  
To spend the long and patient hour in vain,  
To rouse the slumber of some dunce's brain;

'And see your best endeavors uncontest,  
E'en when success attends your learning's test,  
Ye who must toil till life's best hope shall fade,  
And find your task with stinted hand repair'd;

'Compelled to take the boon which just will bear  
To save the fainting spirit from despair,  
Nor leave the means to feed the soaring mind  
With the rich treasures for its growth designed;

'Who still must follow life's receding ray,  
Yet see your early visions pass away!—  
Think of the great and good, whose kindred soul  
Endured the pains which now your thoughts control.

'You tread the sacred path Confucius trod;  
You walk with Plato on the classic sod;  
Yours is the holy sky where Newton gazed;

'Yours the far orb where Herschell's genius blazed.  
With Kepler's rule you measure heaven's broad space,  
And all the laws of earth with Euclid trace.

'Yours is each science which the truth ensures;  
Christian and heathen, all the arts are yours!  
Yours all the wisdom Socrates has taught,

'Without the fatal cup which Envy brought!  
Yours all the pride of hearts with worth endued,  
Yours the rich recompence of doing good;

'Yours the reward of pointing lofty minds  
To paths which Honor, Learning, Genius finds;  
And more than all, yours the extatic glow  
Of fellow worker with your God below!'

There is true poetic vigor in the final apostrophe of this poem:

'Nor, Land of Bards! shall thine be all the praise,  
When holy Genius lights her deathless blaze.  
Here poets, bright as thine own clime hath known,  
For years of silent darkness shall stone,  
And pour such numbers from each forest vale,  
As half shall turn the shade of Shakespeare's pale!'

Wake, Learning, Science, Poesy, awake!  
A voice is heard from ocean shore to lake!  
Come forth and plume the wings of Genius free,  
Soar o'er the land, and be what ye should be!  
Teach man how pure is Honor's virgin ore,  
And wake bright scenes like happy days of yore,

'When open hearted knighthood pledged the glove,  
And dared the lion for his lady's love.

Bid our tall cliffs, that rise to meet the sky,  
Rejoice in song, and with Parnassus vie;  
And let our senates greet a purer flame  
Than once of old from high Olympus came.

'Let other statesmen with our Webster stand  
To raise the honor of our chosen land;  
Let other poets with our Bryant soar,  
And visit realms which Spenser trod of yore;

'Let other Hemans wake devotion's lyre,  
And with our Sigourney to Heaven aspire.

And here has Freedom fixed her chosen seat,  
On which may Time's rude tempests vainly beat.

Here may the world with admiration see  
How great is Man when virtuous and free;

'Here may Instruction her best powers essay,

'To guide young hearts up Learning's honored way;

'Here may the earth in glory be renewed,  
By wisdom guided, and by worth endued;

'No guilt to cloud, no foible to alloy

'Its stainless virtue, its unsullied joy;

'Till hallowed fire shall to each heart be given,

'And Earth shall be no more, because 't is Heaven!'

The next poem is the 'Farewell to my Harp.' It is well sustained throughout, of which the following verses are specimens:

'Oh Woman! lovely Woman! though thy charms,  
From Eve to Eve's last daughter, have been famed  
As the great cause of mischief and alarms  
To the repose of earth, yet when was named  
This sweetest theme of song, so vainly blamed,  
But recollections of thy virtues fan  
Our admiration, till we are ashamed  
To blame what nature loves; and he who can  
Behold thy charms unmoved is more, or less, than man!'

'I am not one who deems this earth a cell,  
A prison house of penitence and pain;  
A world where nought but sin and sorrow dwell;  
That all its joys are volatile and vain;  
That pity weeps o'er Pleasure's boundless reign;  
For I have known a soul of purer birth,  
Whose injured spirit stooped not to complain;  
Friendship and Love yet live with honored worth,  
And Peace and Virtue still are habitants of earth.

Nor can I join the dull and pining crew,  
Who losing one delight have lost their all!

For I have found me friends where none I knew,  
Whose generous succor came at Mercy's call,  
When all my hopes were bound in Sorrow's thrall;  
For heaven is mindful of its favors strewed  
On erring hearts their wanderings to recall;

'And I will nurse, with silent tears bedewed,  
That low and lovely plant, the flower of Gratitude.'

'Oh War and Slavery! prisons and all shames!  
When shall the day arise that these shall be,  
Like the false Gods of old, but empty names  
Of things long passed away, and nations see  
Truth's sole dominion o'er the brave and free?  
No more the sound of War's dull clarion swell,  
But Peace extend her reign from sea to sea;

'And honest men, who deep in sorrow dwell,  
Immured without a crime be freed from their dark cell.'

The remainder of the poems are miscellaneous and brief, of various merit, but all excellent.

In concluding our remarks, we would commend the volume (if any further commendation be necessary) to the lovers of good poetry, good sentiment, and sterling worth.

**A MODERN ARISTARCHUS.** Major Noah, of the New-York Courier & Enquirer, has honored my Address to the People of Color with half a column of something intended for wit, severity and criticism. He remembers that I was 'the editor of a newspaper in Vermont.' Whether it be owing to the strength of his memory, or to the wholesome discipline which he then occasionally received at my hands, I care not to know. He styles me 'a printer by trade and a reformer of empires by profession.' Very well—this sneer comes with an excellent grace from the would-be founder of Araat, and the self-styled Governor and Judge of Israel! With all my 'boastfulness,' however, I am yet too modest to demand a capitation tax of one dollar of every soul whom I would benefit! He naturally dislikes my quotations of scripture, not wishing, perhaps, to be reminded that there is such a book as the bible. He is shocked on discovering a sprinkling of hyperbole in some of my representations; he! a man who always deals in figures, and seldom in facts—whose whole life has been made up of enormous exaggeration, and who values one falsehood above ten truths! He cannot comprehend how educated men of color will be able to vindicate their rights in a manner which *no white man is able to do.* I will tell him.—They who are the victims of injustice, feel what others cannot, and are therefore the best qualified to exhibit their wrongs. Oppression makes men active, earnest, eloquent, powerful; they can fight better and write better than other men. Talents superior to those of the whites are not needed by colored men to make them superior advocates in their own cause. The position requires no illustration.

**SLOW WORK!** The brig Criterion, with emigrants for Liberia, is expected to sail for Norfolk in a few days. This vessel was to have sailed on the 5th of May!—difference of time, something short of four months. Truly, the colonization car drags heavily.

The Hon. John Quincy Adams will deliver a Eulogy on the late Ex-President Monroe, in this city on Thursday next, 25th inst. No man in the nation is better qualified to perform the task than Mr. Adams; and we expect an eloquent production. There was nothing rhetorical in his 4th of July oration: we hope nothing of the kind will disfigure this.

**A third edition (of 1000 copies) of the Editor's Address to the People of Color is now ready for delivery.**

**Communications have been received from various places, and shall be inserted as fast as room allows.**

**We are under new and very heavy obligations to our correspondent 'U. I. E.'**

**The personal addresses from gentlemen of color in New-York and this city, inserted on the first page, humble instead of exalting us.**

**Every thing was tranquil in Hayti as late as the 28th ult., and the warlike rumors were less frequent.**

#### LECTURES ON INTEMPERANCE.

The Rev. Moses Thacher has commenced a series of lectures on intemperance, at Park-street meeting-house. His introductory discourse, last week, was an ingenious and original performance, covering, in fact, the whole ground of the argument, and making entire abstinence the duty of every individual. He met the objection, that alcohol exists in minute portions in all the productions of the vegetable kingdom; and contended that if it were so, then it should be used only in that mode which the Creator had provided, and not in a separate or artificial state. The use of tobacco, either in chewing, smoking or snuffing, was denounced as grossly unclean, improper and poisonous. We joined most heartily in the anathema. 'His allusion to a pernicious habit in dress,' says the Christian Soldier, 'by which life is often jeopardized, tho' rather indirect, must have come home to the *bosoms* of a portion of the audience.' His remarks, also, upon the indifference and opposition to the temperance cause, manifested by many christian professors, must 'have come home' to their consciences, if any such were present.

A second lecture was delivered on Thursday evening, but we have not room for a synopsis. A third will be given next Thursday evening, at half past 7 o'clock, in Park-street meeting-house. We hope these lectures will attract large audiences.

'The Colonization Spirit was the Spirit of Finley, and Mills, and Bacon, and Ashmun, and Washington, and Harper, and Fitzhugh; it is the spirit of Marshall, and Madison, and Clay, and of most of the great and good among all denominations of Christians throughout the country.'

The above is copied from the American Spectator at Washington City. The day has gone by when men could get behind the authority of great names, to screen themselves from error. This is the age of independence. The people are determined not to take things upon trust, but to examining and judge for themselves of the utility of any and every scheme. Of the above named individuals, more than two-thirds, we believe, are or were slaveholders! Now, if their support of the Colonization Society proves the excellence of the association, then their support of slavery proves the excellence of this institution. Again and again we disclaim holding any fellowship with oppressors. When 'great and good men' become infallible, we may then safely follow them wheresoever they lead.

**APPROBATION.** In publishing the proceedings of the colored citizens of Washington, D. C. some time since, we omitted to insert the following resolution. We have already a handsome list of subscribers in that city.

**Resolved,** That we believe the press to be the most efficient means of disseminating light and knowledge among our brethren; and that this meeting do acknowledge with gratitude the efforts made in our behalf, by the editors of the Genius of Universal Emancipation and the Liberator;—and do most earnestly recommend their respective papers to our brethren generally, for their approval and support.

E. C. Delavan, Esq. of Albany, has given one thousand dollars to the American Colonization Society. We cannot

## LITERARY.

*For the Liberator.*

## THE ENDEARMENTS OF HOME.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

You tell me to sing the endearments of home—  
They are joys which no language can ever portray ;  
Perhaps you may feel them, if you ever should roam,  
As you think of the friends you have left far away.  
Go, ask of the stranger the height of his pleasures,  
As he dwells on his home, though at distance removed ;  
He'll tell you that poor are earth's brightest treasures,  
To the spot he has left, to the friends he has loved.  
A home, with its pleasures, long may you possess,  
With every enjoyment kind Heaven can send ;  
Long may you continue with comfort to bless  
The heart of a parent, the sight of a friend !  
When called from on high to quit this abode,  
May you then wear a smile, like the twilight of even ;  
And ever enjoy, still at peace with your God,  
A home everlasting,—a mansion in heaven !

J.

From the Genius of Universal Emancipation.

## LAMENT.

Wo for our country's guilt !  
The glory has departed from her brow,  
And shame and infamy are round her now ;  
The blood her hand hath spilt,  
Cries out against her from the smoking plain,  
Yet warm and reeking with the crimson stain,  
The shame of broken faith,  
Of solemn treaties turn'd to mockery,  
And the strong pledge of friendship made a lie,  
And unregarded breath—  
This blot is resting on her tainted name,  
A midew to the brightness of her fame.  
Wo for her forest sons !  
Whom she hath cast into their brother's hand,  
To be thrust forth sad wanderers o'er the land,  
They and their little ones,  
Their mothers and their wives, amidst the wild,  
To bear the thought how fair their lost home smiled.  
They leaned in their deep trust,  
Upon her solemn vows, and found too late,  
In their crushed hopes, and their most bitter fate,  
Her oath was as the dust :  
Her seeming friendship but a mask to hide  
Her ingrate perfidy, her guilty pride.

Wo for the dark brow'd slave !  
Bow'd to the dust 'neath her relentless hand,  
And stamped with foul oppression's hateful brand,  
He passes to the grave,  
Before the Judgment Seat of Heaven to bear  
The tale of all his wrongs and his despair.  
Alas ! alas, for her !  
How can she bear the searching eye of God,  
Bent in its justice on her crimson sod—  
She a vile murderer !  
How dare she lift her hand to Heaven to pray,  
Till she hath cast her cherish'd sins away !  
Yet how with pealing shout,  
And cannons' roar, and trump and deep-voiced bells,  
Of her own glory to the world she tells !  
Ah ! better would it suit  
Her cheek, instead of the proud flush it wears,  
To be washed pale with penitential tears !

GERTRUDE.

## HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRIS-TIAN.

BY MRS HEMANS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God !  
Thou hast made thy children mighty,  
By the touch of the mountain sod.  
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge  
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;  
For the strength of these hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God !  
We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose lights must never die ;  
We are guardians of an altar  
Midst the silence of the sky ;  
The rocks yield founts of courage  
Struck forth as by thy rod—  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God !  
For the dark, resounding heavens,  
Where thy still small voice is heard,  
For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by thy breath are stirred ;  
For the storm on whose free pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad—  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God !  
The royal eagle darteth  
On his quarry, from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no master,  
Seeks there his wild delights ;  
But we for thy communions,  
Have sought the mountain's sod,

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God !  
The banner of the chieftain  
Far, far below us waves,  
The war-horse of the spearman  
Cannot reach our lofty caves ;  
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God !  
For the shadow of thy presence  
Round our camp of rock outspread,  
For the stern defiles of battle,  
Bearing record of the dead ;  
For the snows and for the torrents,  
For the free heart's burial sod,  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our father's God !

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

When Diebitsch first marched upon Warsaw, he was at the head of 150,000 men, the very flower of the Russian army. On the 25th of February, this army, headed by a General who had acquired more reputation than any Russian warrior since Suvaroff, and with 250 pieces of cannon, was beaten, after a long and most sanguinary conflict, by an army of Poles amounting to but 60,000 men, of whom only 35,000 were regular troops, and with only sixty pieces of cannon. At Ostrolenka, too, about 30,000 Poles, or one half of the army at Praga, withstood Diebitsch's army of 90,000, reinforced as it had been by the Guards, and fought it for two days, remaining in possession of the field of battle on the night that terminated the engagement, and causing the enemy three times their own loss. This is a proof of moral power over brute force, which equals anything that history presents on her most splendid records.—*London Morn. Herald.*

A Paris correspondent of the London Courier, mentions a letter from Warsaw, dated the 13th June, at midnight, stating positively, that Marshal Diebitsch poisoned himself, after an interview with an Aid-de-Camp of the Emperor, in which the latter had severely censured his military conduct during the late campaign, and particularly the incorrectness of his official reports.

*Population of Russia.*—By the official census, made up to the year 1829, it would seem that the human resources of this gigantic empire have been greatly overrated. The whole amount of its population is 49,000,000, including 17,558,898 serfs and free laborers, and 243,548 clergy ; and, in that amount, Poland, Finland, the tribes beyond the Caucasus, the civil and military services, and some Siberian hordes, are comprised. There are 315,809 families, and 18,771,812 individuals, who pay taxes to the state. Independently of the regular troops, we find 747,557 males liable to do duty in the field, namely, 189,870 peasants, attached to the military colonies, or regimental settlements, 262,105 Cossacks, 167,269 Bashkirs, 31,159 Metsherjacks, 28,344 Nomadic Kalmucks, and 68,810 Kirghises.

The Prussian Government have published a calculation, based upon the statistical tables of the kingdom, for the years 1826 and 1827, from which it appears, that out of a million of births there were 11,147 cases of twins, 148 cases of three children, and four cases of four children at a birth.

We have this week announced in the columns of our journal, a sale of West Indian sugar, such as we have never before heard of in this city. We allude to a quantity of that article, the bona fide property of negroes in the island of Barbadoes : the produce of their own grounds, and manufactured for them by their masters. This occurrence, we think, speaks volumes in favor of the amelioration which is gradually proceeding in the colonies, and shows, if any thing can, the proper natural relations [?] which exist between master and servant, even though that servant is still designated by the title of slave.

*Bristol Journal.*

In Russia it is usual to preserve the natural verdure of hay. As soon as the grass is cut, it is, without being spread, formed into a rick, in the centre of which has been previously placed a kind of chimney, made of four rough planks. It seems that the heat of the fermentation evaporates by this chimney ; and that the hay thus retains all it leaves, its color, and its primitive flavor.

*Advantages of a good character.*—A country paper, giving an account of an inquest upon the body of a young man who had been killed by a blow from the sails of a mill, says, ‘The previous good character of the deceased left no doubt that the catastrophe was purely accidental. Verdict accordingly.’

*Singular Tenure.*—King John gave several lands at Kepperton and Atterton, in Kent, to Solomon Attefield, to be held by this singular service—that as often as the king should be pleased to cross the sea, the said Solomon, or his heirs, should be obliged to go with him, to hold his majesty's head, if there should be occasion for it, ‘that is, if he should be sea-sick ;’ and it appears, by the record in the Tower, that this same office of head-holding was actually performed in the reign of Edward the First.

John Brown and his daughter Catharine, aged 16, have been sentenced to six months imprisonment at London, for stealing cats, which they wantonly and atrociously skinned alive, and in some instances left their bodies before the doors whence they had purloined them. They confessed to having stolen upwards of 1000 during the last 12 months.

We understand that Don Pedro, Ex-Emperor of Brazil, who is going to reside in this country, has about £7000 a year, which he has brought with him : he has left behind him a large property in the funds at Rio, with 2000 slaves.—*London paper.*

There is at Singapore a fish, called by the natives *ikan layer*, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a mainsail, and often sails in the manner of a native-boat, and with considerable swiftness. The sails are beautifully cut, and form a model, for a fast sailing boat ; they are composed of the dorsal fins of the animal, and when a shoal of these are under sail together, they are frequently mistaken for a fleet of native boats.

In a public house at Truro, on Tuesday last, a man actually ate two eels and a plaice, undressed, for a trifling wager. The eels were alive at the time he commenced this brutal feast, and he devoured them, bones, &c. just as they were brought from the market.

## DOMESTIC.

A Coroner's inquest was held yesterday at the jail, on the body of Patrick Drew, an Irishman, committed to the jail on the 8th inst. for debt. The verdict of the Coroner was, that the said Drew came to his death from a concussion of the brain, produced by blows inflicted by himself on his head, in the jail in the city, between the hours of 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening and 1 on Thursday morning, being at the time in a state of *delirium tremens*. Drew was confined in the debtor's apartment, but was removed at the request of his room mate, who thought him delirious and could not take care of him.—*Patriot of Saturday.*

Died at Winchester, Va. of apoplexy, Alfred H. Powell, Esq. aged about 50. He was engaged at the time in arguing a cause before the county court, and had spoken about 10 or 15 minutes, when after having read a passage from a law authority before him, he laid down the book, staggered back into a chair, and extended his arm, saying, ‘My friends, bleed me !’ These were the last words he spoke. He was a candidate for Congress.

*The hand of labor.*—Two industrious white men of the name of *Sears*, in one day last week, carried up to the third story of a brick building now being erected in this city, 7,800 bricks, together with all the mortar for laying the same. They did not complain of fatigue, and said more could have been done if more had been required. They use no ardent spirits. The weight of the bricks alone (without the hod) was 35,100 lbs.

*New-Haven Herald.*

Gaspard Richards has presented a memorial to the Aldermen of the city of New-York, proposing to establish a Bank with a capital of *two hundred millions*. Referred to the Committee on applications to the Legislature. Here is a substitute at once for ALL our other Banks !

The Schenectady Cabinet states that the Rev. Alonso Potter, Rector of St Paul's church, Boston, has been unanimously elected, by the Trustees of Union College, Professor of Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy in that institution.

Elijah M. Fox, of Suffield, Con. mowed four acres of grass on the 28th of July, ult. beginning at sun rise, and finishing before sun set. There were not less than six tons of hay. So says the Hartford Times.

We find at the fag end of the toasts of almost every celebration, one to ‘the fair.’ Some half a dozen now before us speak of ‘courage to support them,’ &c. Now would it not be more appropriate to say, ‘industry to support them.’—*U. S. Gaz.*

*Hurricane.*—The Orange Co. Patriot mentions a terrible hurricane which occurred in Crawford in that county, about 10 days since. The current of wind was about 20 rods wide. We are happy to say, *some good was done*, viz.—distillery was demolished!—*Temperance Advocate.*

Bicknell's Counterfeit Detector mentions a new counterfeit discovered in St Louis, viz. an opossum skin with a racoon's tail sewed to it, for a raccoon's skin.

An inquest on the body of a child in London, 5 weeks old, a juryman stated that the reputed father of it, a son of Burns the poet, had eighty-two children !!

A gentleman in Philadelphia has invented something which he says will carry the United States Mail one hundred miles per hour !!

The Columbian Telescope (the bell weather of Nullification) has been discontinued, and the establishment offered at auction !

The Maine Inquirer states that an old man passed through that town on his way from Richmond to the mouth of the Kennebec, to dig up 13,000,000 of doubleons in chests, buried there many years since. He had brought all the necessary implements for his job with him.

A party of thirteen gentlemen swam, last week, from the Swimming School, near the Mill Dam, to Charlestown bridge, a distance of 1½ miles, in 33 minutes.

*French Claims.*—The French Government have at length agreed to pay to the United States for the capture of a number of vessels, the sum of 25,000,000 of francs, exactly one million sterling. The original sum claimed was 2,400,000. sterling.

On opening the trunk of a very accomplished youth, lately taken by our police and now in jail, his professional library was found to consist of a History of the Pirates, and a set of Balwer's novels.

*Phil. Chron.*

*Map of Boston and vicinity.*—The Messrs Pendleton have published a small pocket map of Boston and its vicinity, reduced from the valuable large map of the same title. It will be of great convenience to strangers and to citizens also.

A gentleman once said he should like to see a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean, to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied, ‘That's easily told, they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure.’

The man whose word can always be depended upon, is sure to be always honored.

## MORAL.

By a young lady. We solicit a great multitude of such favors.—*Ed.*

*For the Liberator.*

## THE SABBATH.

Dear be this sacred type of rest—

Eternal in a world above ;

Dear to the weary, wounded breast,

Dependant on a Saviour's love.

Sweet as the shout Immortals gave,

When the vast stone was roll'd away ;

Soft as the gleam which sought the grave,

And brighten'd where the Saviour lay.

Releas'd from earthly cares, the soul

Springs, ardent, to her native skies ;

And marks, while boundless systems roll,

Her Maker's regal honors rise.

In silent grandeur, slowly roll'd,

Each glowing planet seems a gem,

Each blazing comet braids a fold,

To grace his glittering diadem.

She hears the choral hymn ascend

From souls redeem'd—from sins forgiven,  
And Angel-choirs their voices lend,

In glad response from inmost heaven.

She sees where friends departed kneel,

In Youth, in Love, in Beauty dress'd ;

And learns from smiles divine to feel

The rapture of that heavenly rest.

Then still, till suns no longer glow,

Dear be this morn's prophetic ray ;

This beam of love, this promise-bow,

Which cheers the spirit on her way.

D. B. E.

## FAMILY PRAYER.

The appropriate brevity of all the prayers, both public and private, recorded in the bible, is one of their most striking characteristics. Abraham's prayer for Sodom, in the 18th Genesis, is not more than three minutes in length. Moses' repeated supplications for the children of Israel are all exceedingly brief. In the 7th chapter of 2d Samuel, is a prayer of David, on a very important occasion, not exceeding two minutes. Solomon's prayer, at the dedication of the temple, is the longest in the bible ; and yet, remarkable as were the circumstances attending its delivery, its length does not exceed ten minutes. The prayers of Ezra, Hezekiah, and Daniel, are of the same character, short, simple, appropriate. Our Saviour's prayer for his disciples, just previous to his crucifixion, is at once a model for simplicity, fervency, tenderness, and brevity. Now, with these scripture examples before us, who will undertake to defend long prayers, either in public or in the family ? ‘Family prayer,’ says Cecil, ‘should be short, savory, simple, plain, tender, heavenly.’ We are convinced that in nothing do many good men err more than in their family devotions. A long chapter embracing half a dozen subjects, and sometimes two chapters, are frequently read ; then follows a hymn of 7 or 8 verses, accompanied with a prayer of 15, 20, and even 30 minutes. By this time, the patience of all is exhausted. The children become fidgety and restless ; or, if it happens to be evening, when the prayer is finished, they are fast asleep. On no point do many good men commit more fatal mistakes than on this. Instead of exhibiting religion in an interesting attitude, they cause it to be associated, in the minds of children, with all that is dull, wearisome and disgusting. We have never heard some very good men, either in public or in the family, without being reminded of a remark of Whitefield, respecting a certain brother, ‘he first prays me into a good frame and then prays me out of it.’

The evening devotions should always be conducted early, either just before or immediately after supper. Then all the members of the family are generally present, and unopposed with drowsiness, they can cheerfully unite in supplicating the favor and forgiveness of God ; and in rendering him thanks for his merciful protection through the cares, duties and dangers of the day.

## FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

FRAGMENT of an Original Letter on the Slave-ry of the Negroes, written in the Year 1776. By Thomas Day, Esquire, Author of *Sandford and Merton*. Addressed to an American Slaveholder. Price 25 cents per dozen. This is one of the most powerful productions ever written on the subject of slavery.

## BOARDING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the respectable persons of COLOR, in this city and elsewhere, who may wish

BOARDING AND LODGING, in a genteel family, for a day, week, or longer time, they can be accommodated at No. 19, POWELL-STREET, (Between Fifth and Sixth streets.)

Every attention will be paid to render Boarders comfortable.